

GEORGE ADE'S NEWEST FABLES IN SLANG

The Newest Fable of Susan and the Daughter and the Granddaughter and Then Something Really Grand

ONCE there was a full-blown Wild Peach, registered in the Family Bible as Susan Mahaly.

Her Pap divided his time between collecting at a Toll-Gate and defending the Military Reputation of Andy Jackson.

The family dwelt in what was then regarded by Cambridge, Mass., as the Twilight Zone of Semi-Culture, viz., Swaggett County, Pennsylvania.

Susan wore Linsey-Woolsey from Monday to Saturday. She never had a photograph with her Venus de Milo Toga and she did not even suspect that Women had Nerves.

When she was 17 she had a Fore-Arm like a Member of the Turnverein. She knew how to Card and Weave and Dice. Also she could make Loose Soap in a kettle out in the Open Air.

Susan never felt down on her Salt-Topping Bread. Her Apple Butter was always Al.

It was commonly agreed that she would make some Man a good House-keeper, for she was never sickly and could stay on her Feet sixteen hours and stretch.

Already she was beginning to look down the Pike for a regular Fellow. It was the year 1810 the Lass of 17 who failed to get her Hooks on some roaming specimen of the Opposite Gender was in danger of being whispered about as an Old Maid. Celibacy was listed with Arson and Manslaughter.

Rufus was destined to be an Early Victorian Rummy, but he could lift a Saw-Log and he would stand without being hitched, so Susan nailed him the third time he came snooping around the Toll-Gate.

Rufus did not have a Window to hold a Peace to lean on. But there is no Poverty in any Pocket of the Universe until Wealth arrives and begins to get Luggy.

Susan thought she was playing in rare Luck to share a Six Footer with a Cuckoo and a good Squirrel Rifle and could outwinkle all Corners.

The Hills of Pennsylvania were becoming contested, with Neighbors not more than two or three miles apart, so Rufus and his Bride decided to hit a New Trail into the Dark Timber and grow up with the Bushy-Headed West.

Relatives of the Young Couple staked them to a team of Pelters, a Muley Cow, a Bird Dog of dubious Ancestry, an Axe and a Skillet, and started them over the Divide toward the perilous Frontier, away out yonder in Illinois.

It was a Hard Life. As they trudged slowly over the Foothills, toward the Land of Promise, they had to subsist largely on Venison, Prairie Chicken, Quail, Black Bass, Berries and Wild Honey. They carried their own Coffee.

Arrived at the Jumping-Off Place, they settled down among the Mink and Mule-Rats. Rufus hewed out and jammed together a little two by two Cabin with the Pine running up the side. It looked ominous to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

The Anopheles Mosquito was waiting for the Pioneers. In those good old Chills-and-Fever days, no one ever blamed it on the Female of the Species. These who had the Shakes allowed that they were being jarred by the Hand of Providence.

When the family ran low on Quinine all he had to do was to hook up and drive fifty miles to the nearest Town, where he would trade the Furs for Necessities such as Apple Jack and Navy Twist, and possibly a few Luxuries such as Tea and Salt.

On one of these memorable Trips to the Store, a Mood which combined Sentiment with reckless Prodigality seized upon him.

He thought of the brave Woman who was back there in the lonesome Shack shooting the Prairie Wolves away from her Cradle, and he resolved to reward her.

With only three Gills of Stone Fence under his Wammus, he spread his Wild-Cat Currency on the Counter and purchased a \$6 Clock, with the saw ornaments, a shiny coat of Varnish and a Bouquet of Pink Roses on the door.

Susan burst into Tears when she saw it on the Wall alongside of the Turkey Wing, and vowed that she had married the Best Man in the World.

Twenty years later, Jennie, the first begotten Chick at the Log House in the Clearing, had matured and married, and was living at the County-Seat with Hiram, Money Bags and Merchant.

Railroad Trains, Side-Bar Buggies, Coal-Oil lamps, and the Civil War had come along with a Rush and disarranged primitive Conditions. The Frontier had retreated away over into Kansas.

In the very Township where, of late, the Beaver had tolled without Hindrance and the Red Fox dug his hole unscathed, people were now eating Cove Oysters and going to see "East Lynne."

Hiram was in rugged Health, having defended the flag by Proxy during the recent outcropping of Acrimony between the devotees of Cold Bread and the slaves of Hot Biscuits. The Substitute had been perforated beyond repair at the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, proving that Hiram made no mistake in remaining behind to tend Store.

When Jennie moved in where she could hear the Trains whistle and began to sport a Cameo Brooch, she could barely remember wearing a Slip and having Stone Bruises.

Hiram was Near, but he would loom up a trifle for his own Friends. The fact that Jennie was his Wife gave her quite a Standing with him. He admitted her for having made such a Success of her Life.

They dwelt in a two-story Frame with countless Dawdles and Thingums, both tacked along the Eaves and Scaloped around the Bay Windows.

The Country People who came in to see the Eighth Wonder of the World used to stand in silent Awe, breathing through their noses.

Out on the Lawn, surrounded by Gemmums, was a Cast-Iron Deer which seemed to be looking at the Court House in a startled Manner. It was that kind of a Court House.

In her Front Room, the daughter of Rufus and Susan had wonderful Wax Flowers, sprinkled with Diamond Dust; a What-Not bearing Mineral Specimens, Cornish Shells, and a Star Fish—also some Hair-Cloth Furniture, very slipshod and upholstered with Sand.

After Hiram gave her the Black Silk and paid for the Crayon Enlargements of her Parents, Jennie did not have the Face to bone him for anything more, but she longed in secret and Hiram suspected.

Jennie was a Soprano. Not a regular Soprano, but a Country-Town Soprano, of the kind often used for augmenting the Grand at a Functon, her voice came from a point about two inches above the Right Eye.

She had assisted a Quartette to do things to "Juanita," and sometimes tossed out little Hints about wishing she could practise at Home. Jennie was a Nice Woman but she did need Practice.

Although Hiram was tighter than the Bark on a Sycamore, he liked to have other Women envy the Mother of his Children.

When he spread himself from a Shingle Plaster, he expected a Fanfare of Trumpets.

It took him a long time to unwind the string from the Wallet, but he would Dig it if he thought he was boosting his own Game.

By stealthily short-weighting of the Country Trade and holding out on the Assessor, he succeeded in salting away numerous Kopecks in one corner of the Safe.

While in Chicago to buy his Winter Stock, he bargained for two days and finally bought a Cottage Melodeon, with the Stool thrown in.

Jennie would sit up and pump for Hours at a time, happy in the knowledge that she had drawn the Capital Prize in the Lottery of Hymen.

In the year 1836 there was some Church Wedding at the County-Seat. Frances, daughter of Hiram and Jennie, had knocked the Town a Twister when she came home from a Female College wearing Bangs and totting a Tennis Racket.

All the local Gallants, with Cocoa Oil in their hair and Rings on their Cravats, backed into the Shrubbery. Hiram had bought her about \$1,500 worth of Hauteur at the select Institution of Learning. All she had to do was look at a Villager through her Nose-Specks and he would curl up like an Autumn Leaf.

A Cuss from Chicago came to see her every few weeks.

His Trusses seemed to be choking him. The Pompadour was protected by a Derby of the Fried Egg species. It was the kind that Joe Weber helped to keep in Public Remembrance. But in 1836 it was de Rigueur au Fait and a la Mode.

Frances would load the accused City Chap into the high Cart and exhibit him up and down all the Residence Thoroughfares.

On nearly every Front Porch some Girl whose Father was not interested in the First National Bank would peer out through the Morning Glories at the Pageant and then write like an Angle-Worm.

The Wedding was the biggest thing that had struck the town since Fore-paugh stopped over on his way from Peoria to Decatur.

Frances was not a popular Girl, on account of being so Uppish, so those who could not fight their way into the Church climbed up and looked through the Windows.

The Groom wore a Swallow-Tail. Most of those present had seen Pictures of the Dress Suit. In the First-class Companion, the Gentleman wearing one always had Curis, and the Wood-Engraving caught him in the act of striking a Lady in the Face and saying "Curse You!"

The Feeling at the County-Seat was that Frances had taken a Desperate Chance.

The Caterer with Colored Help in White Gloves, the ruby Punch suspected of containing Liquor, the Japanese Lanterns attached to the Maples,

the Red Brick Fortress to which he conducted Frances had Stone Steps in front and a secret Entrance for lowly Trades people at the rear.

Willoughby and his wife had the high courage of Youth and the Financial Support of all the Money Spenders along State Street, so they started in on Period Decoration. Each Room

in the House was supposed to stand for a Period. Some of them stood for a good deal.

A few of the Periods looked like Exclamation Points.

The young couple disregarded the Toll-Gate Period and the Log Cabin Period, but they worked in every one of the Louies until the Gilt Furniture gave out.

The delighted Caller at the House beside the Lake would pass from an East Indian Corridor through an Early Colonial Ante Room into a Japanese Boudoir and, after resting his Hat,

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the real Lace in the Veil, the glittering Array of Pickle-Jars, and a well-defined Rumor that most of the imported Ushers had been Stewed, gave the agitated Hamlet something to blab about for many and many a day.

The Bachelor of Arts grabbed off by the daughter of Jennie and the granddaughter of Susan was the owner of Real Estate in the congested Business District of a Town which came into Public Attention later on through the efforts of Frank Chance.

His front name was Willoughby, but Frances always called him "Dear" no

matter what she happened to be thinking at the time.

Part of State street had been wished on to Willoughby. He was afraid to sell, not knowing how to reinvest.

So he sat back and played safe. With growing Delight he watched the Unearned Increment piling up on every Corner. He began to see that he would be fairly busy all his life, jacking up Rents.

The Red Brick Fortress to which he conducted Frances had Stone Steps in front and a secret Entrance for lowly Trades people at the rear.

Willoughby and his wife had the high courage of Youth and the Financial Support of all the Money Spenders along State Street, so they started in on Period Decoration. Each Room

was escorted into the Italian Renaissance Drawing Room to meet the Hostess. From this exquisite Apartment, which ate up one year's Rent of a popular Buffet near Van Buren Street, there could be obtained a ravishing glimpse of the Turkish Cozy Corner beyond, including the Battle Axes and the Red Lamp.

Frances soon began to hobnob with the most delicate Circles, including Families that dated back to the Fire of 1871.

She was not at all Dizzy even when she looked down at the Mountain Peak at her yappy Birthplace, 15,000 feet below.

Willoughby turned out to be a satisfactory Housemate. His Voltage was not high, but he always ate Peas with

water color clubs. Some of these collections were valued at over \$50,000. The purpose of the federation is to send out exhibitions suitable to the needs of the various communities. Exhibitions have been sent out not only of paintings but of plaques, medals, architectural drawings and designs, examples of works in the applied arts, prints of sculptors, etchings, lithographs and other prints. Some of the exhibitions cost the places to which they were sent as much as \$300; others were sent for as little as \$10 or \$15. The exhibitions have gone to art museums, art associations, schools, libraries and commercial clubs.

During the last year the American Federation of Arts has sent out on circuit no less than twenty-three art exhibitions, which have gone to 114 places and been viewed by no less than 300,000 persons. These exhibitions have been kept up to a high standard. In many cases they have not only been chosen by the federation's exhibition committee, composed of eminent artists, but have represented the choicest works shown in the larger current exhibitions. Among the exhibitions from which collections were assembled were the annual exhibition held by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, the Art Institute of Chicago's annual exhibition, the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design and the annual exhibitions of the Philadelphia and New York

from his end of the table. "But clap the door to or Watts-Dunton will be in after him!"

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a Fork and never pulled at the Leash when taken to a Musicale.

In front of each ear he carried a neat Area of Human Ivy, so that he could speak up at a Meeting of Directors. Until the year 1895 the restricted Side-whisker was an accepted Trademark of Commercial Probity.

This Facial Landscaping, the Frock Coat and a steadfast devotion to Toilet Soap made him suitable for Exhibition purposes.

Frances became almost fond of him, after the Honeymoon evaporated and their Romance ripened into Acquaintanceship.

It was a gladsome day for both when she traced the Dope back through Swaggett County, Pennsylvania, and discovered that she was an honest-to-goodness Daughter of the American Revolution.

Willoughby could not ask a representative of good old Colonial Stock to ride around in a stinky Coupe with a Coon planted out on the Weather Seat.

He changed the Terms in several Leases and was enabled to slip her a hot Surprise on the Birthday.

When she came down the Steps for the usual bowl along the Avenue, so as to get some Fresh Smoke, she beheld a rubber tired Victoria, drawn by two expensive Bang Tails in jingle Harness and surmounted by important Turkeys in overwhelming Livery.

She was so transfixed with Delight that she went right over to Willoughby and gave him a Sweet Kiss, after looking about rather carefully for the exposed portion of the Frontispiece.

Frances did a lot of Calling within the next two weeks and to all those who remarked upon the smartness of the Equipage she declared that the Man she had to put up with carried a Throbbing Heart even if he was an Intellectual Midge.

In the year 1913 a slender Young Thing, all of whose Habilliments seemed melting and dripping downward, came wearily from State Room B as the Train pulled into Reno, Nev.

She seemed quite alone except for a couple of Malids.

After she had given Directions concerning the nine Wardrobe Trunks and the Live Stock she was motored to a specially reserved Cottage at the corner of Liberty Street and Hope Avenue.

Next day she sat at the other side of a Table from a Lawyer, removing the poisoned Javelins from her fragile Person and holding them up before the shuddering Shyster.

She had a Tale of Woe calculated to pierce a Heart of Stone. In blocking out the Affidavit her sympathetic Attorney made Pencil Notes as follows:

Her name was Ethel Louise, favorite Daughter of Willoughby and Frances, the well known Blue Bloods of the Western Metropolis.

She had finished off at Miss Sniffle's exclusive school, which overlooked the Hudson and the Common School Branches.

After she learned how to enter a Ball-Room and while on her way to attack Europe for the third time the Viper crossed her throatway.

She accepted him because his name was Hubert, he looked like an Englishman and one of his Ancestors turned the water into Chesapeake Bay.

While some of the Wedding Guests were still in the Hospital, he began to practise the most diabolical Cruelties.

He induced her to get on his Yacht and go cruising through the Mediterranean when she wanted to take an Apartment in Paris.

It comprised only sixteen paintings and was shown at San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Stanford University, Portland, Eugene, Seattle, Pullman and Spokane. One result of this venture has been the formation of an art society at Spokane. The Federation of Arts now has 200 chapters or affiliated organizations, nineteen of which were added during the last year. The head office at Washington is, as it were, the central exchange or clearing house.

A collection of drawings by Alexandre Steinen is now on view at the Leicester Galleries, London. A preface to the catalogue by Anatole France contains the statement that Steinen is a Swiss.

"That this exponent par excellence of all that is low class Parisian," writes Sir Claude Phillips, "should be the fellow countryman of the amiable portraitist Loitard, of Jean Jacques, Rousseau, Amiel and Cherbuliez is strange indeed. And yet we must not forget that two of the most lofty and impassioned among modern artists, Arnold Böcklin and F. Hodler, are Swiss."